

The Protected By Allah



... My Sister,  
**But Not My Sister ...**

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

In The Name of Allah

... My Sister,

But Not My Sister ...

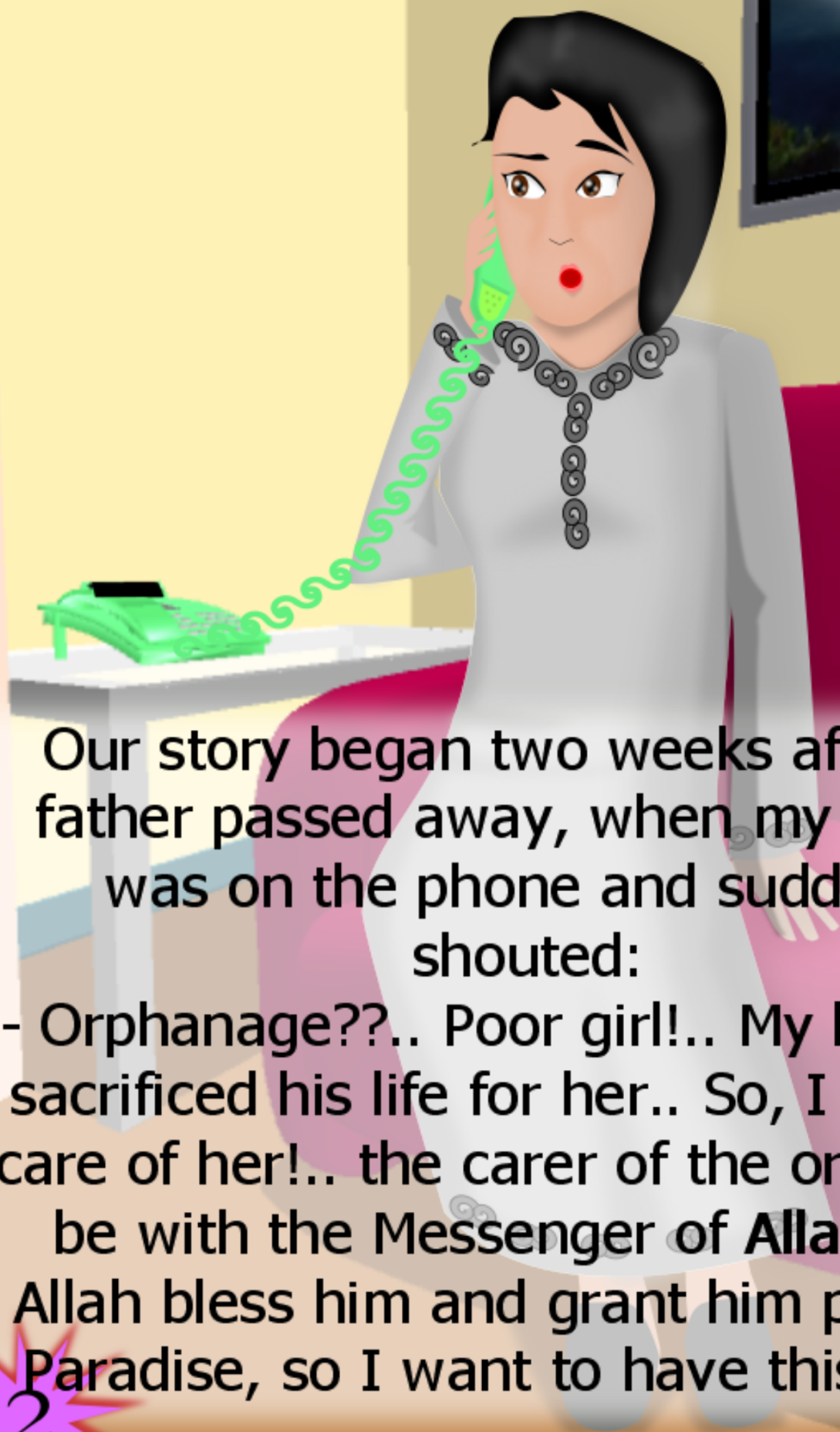
By:

The Protected By Allah



My name is Sana and this is my sister  
Nada.. In fact, she is not my sister.  
I am the only daughter of my beloved  
mother and father, the firefighter - may  
**Allah** have mercy on him - who sacrificed  
his life to save Nada from the flames of  
the fire!





Our story began two weeks after my father passed away, when my mother was on the phone and suddenly shouted:

- Orphanage??.. Poor girl!.. My husband sacrificed his life for her.. So, I will take care of her!.. the carer of the orphan will be with the Messenger of Allah, may Allah bless him and grant him peace, in Paradise, so I want to have this honor!

A few days later, my mother welcomed this baby girl into our humble home.

As for me, I was jealous of my new little sister, who took my mother from me; because babies needs a lot of care!





One day, I woke up early and stood enjoying the cool morning air when I heard a sound behind me, so I turned to see Nada pulling the table cover, about to drop the jug on her.. At that moment, I found myself rushing like an arrow to save her!



I pulled her quickly while the glass jug fell and broke with a loud bang, my mother woke up to that horrified noise, and then my mother saw me embracing Nada with both arms while Nada was hugging me tightly and innocently!





Mom smiled and took a picture for us, saying:  
- You are your father's daughter, Sana! .. This  
is the first time I have seen a sister who saved  
her sister!

At that moment, I embraced Nada more and felt  
the warmth of the sisterhood between us, and I  
was filled with happiness; Because Allah, the Most  
Gracious, the Most Merciful, has blessed me with  
a new sister!






Days passed and Nada grew up between us, she became a smart and cheerful girl, I always come back from school and play with her, I also forgive her when she tears up my school notebooks or draws on them with her beautiful handwriting!

But one day, after I came back from school, I said peace, but... Nada did not greet me as usual, and I never heard her voice.. The house was strangely quiet, which made me feel scared as I searched for my mother and Nada..





Finally I entered our room and found my mother at Nada's bed, her face was very sad, so I ran to her and saw Nada in the bed, her face turned red, she was sweating heavily and her face and hands were hot, while my mother wiped her face with water and recited some verses of the Qur'an to her.



Despite me, my tears rolled down, I hugged my mother's hand as I cried and said:

- Mom.. is Nada okay?

- Unfortunately, she is very ill.. But pray to Allah for her, Sana, with all your heart, for Allah responds to the prayers of the little children; because their hearts are pure!



Immediately, I wiped my tears, put on my prayer clothes, prayed the noon prayer, and began to ask Allah in my prostration, as my grandmother taught me; she told me the noble speech of the prophet Muhammad:  
**"The closest instance of the servant to Allah is when he is in prostration, so increase in supplications."**





I was sure that **Allah** would respond to me while I took care of Nada all day, I finally fell asleep dreaming of Nada coming back energetic and playing with me, when..

When I felt a soft, cold hand on my cheek, gently wakening me up, and Nada's voice saying:

*My beloved sister, I love you!*





... Completed by the grace of Allah ...

Dear, I have a request for you..  
Would you help me publish these  
stories? 🥰